

# The Mirror

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## Whitby Abbey.



THE Nunnery of Streonshalh, which was the original name of Whitby until the Anglo-Norman period, owes its existence to Lady Hilda, who was the foundress and first Abbess of this monastery. It was established about three or four years after that of Leasingham, and was founded under the patronage of King Oswy, whose daughter, Elfleda, was the second Abbess. Before the great battle of Winwidfeld (or Leeds), in which Penda, King of Mercia, was overthrown by Oswy, the latter vowed, that if he should prove victorious, he would devote his infant daughter to the Lord, and at the same time give twelve manors, or possessions of land for founding monasteries. In fulfillment of this vow, Oswy committed Elfleda, who was scarcely a year old, to the care of Hilda, Abbess of Hereton, or Hartepool; and set apart, for the support of monastic institutions, twelve possessions of land, six in Deira, and six in Bernicia, each consisting of "ten families." As the battle was gained in the end of the year 655, the infant Elfleda might be sent to Hartepool in the spring of 656; and two years after, that is, in the beginning of 658, Lady Hilda "having purchased a possession of ten families in a place called

Streonshalh, there built a monastery," where she and the young princess, with many, if not all of the sisterhood who were at Hartepool, took up their abode.

This possession, though stated to be purchased by Lady Hilda, may be supposed to have been purchased at Oswy's expense, and to have been one of the twelve possessions before mentioned, as each of them consisted of "ten families."

It appears that the monastery of Streonshalh at the close of Lady Hilda's life was of great extent, comprising a variety of buildings adapted for different uses, some of which stood at a considerable distance from others. This Abbess died on the 17th of November, in the year 680, and was succeeded in the government of the Abbey by her royal pupil Elfleda, then 26 years of age. Six years after the death of Lady Hilda, the Abbey was in a very flourishing condition, possessed of an extensive territory, in which were many congregations of monks and nuns; and these congregations were still on the increase as new settlements were formed, and new churches built and dedicated. The death of Elfleda took place in the year 713, when she was 53 years of age.

We have no account of the close of her life; but we are informed that she was interred at St. Peter's Church at Streonshalh, close to the remains of her royal parents, and her venerable predecessor.

The history of the Abbey, from the death of Ælfleda to the Danish irruption, is irrecoverably lost; at least, we have no information relating to that period which can be depended upon. Some of the monkish authors, particularly Matthew of Westminster, and John Wallingford, inform us, that the monastery of Streonshalh continued to be occupied by nuns till the Danish irruption in 867; but they vary a little in their account of the destruction of the monastery, the former intimating that the nuns were slain, while the latter only states, that they were driven out with violence, and their habitation laid waste.

The desolation of Streonshalh was so complete, and of so long continuance, that when it began to be again inhabited, the original name was lost, and the place was distinguished by the new name of Whitby, (from the Saxon or Danish words *whit*, white, and *byc*, village): the new town being chiefly constructed of stone, taken from the ruins of the monastic buildings.

The restoration of the monastery was begun by a humble individual named Reinfrid, in the year 1074. This man was one of the three monks, who, in the year preceding set out from Evesham Abbey on a kind of pilgrimage to the north, to restore monastic institutions in Northumbria. They travelled on foot, with a little ass to carry their books and priestly garments. Having settled for a short time at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, then called Monkchester, they removed thence to Jarrow, where they built themselves huts among the ruins of the ancient Abbey, and erected a temporary place of worship. Here they collected a goodly number of followers, and with a view to diffuse the monastic spirit more extensively, they divided their forces; on which occasion, Reinfrid, with his share of the followers, travelled southward to Whitby, to revive the ancient monastery of St. Hilda. Reinfrid, we are told, had formerly been a soldier in the army of William the Conqueror, and as such had been known to William de Percy, Lord of Whitby, who readily granted him and his paternity, the site of the ancient Abbey. The monastery of Whitby obtained its principal endowments from the Percy family, ancestors of the Dukes of Northumberland, and other branches of the noble family of Percy. The son of William de Percy, Allan, endowed it

with the whole of that extensive territory now denominated Whitby Strand.

Whitby Abbey was surrendered to the crown, December 14, 1539; it being stipulated, that annuities should be paid to the monks, according to their rank, during life, or until they could be otherwise provided for by the king.

At the dissolution, the site of Whitby Abbey, the manor of Whitby, and several parcels of the Abbey lands, were let for 21 years to Richard Cholmley, Esq. afterwards Sir Richard Cholmley. Before the expiration of this lease, the premises were bought of the king by John, Earl of Warwick, in 1560; and from him by Sir Edward York, in 1561; of whom they were purchased by Sir Richard Cholmley, the lease, July 2, 1565. They have remained ever since in the possession of the Cholmley family; together with various rights and privileges in Whitby and Whitby Strand, which had been enjoyed by the Abbots of Whitby.

While the lands were thus disposed of, King Henry reserved to himself the furniture, plate, bells, &c. belonging to the monastery. Tradition reports, that the bells of the Abbey, having been shipped for London, sunk with the vessel which carried them, on the outside of Whitby rock, and were never recovered. The demolition of the walls of the Abbey Church was not attempted by the greedy plunderers, but was committed to the slow hand of time; and though that unsparing agent has done much towards completing the work of destruction, enough still remains, as will appear by our engraving, to bear witness to the extent and magnificence of the venerable fabric. E. M. H.

#### THE TUNNEL UNDER THE THAMES; *A Conversation between the Thames and the Medway.*

(For the Mirror.)

As the Medway and Thames were about to unite,  
The former found Thames in a woe-begone plight.

In anguish he now tossed his waves to the sky,  
Now sighed to the reeds as he slowly rolled by;  
His tears had augmented the depth of his tide,  
And he mourned to the pebbles that sprinkled his side.

Said Thames, "I've some very bad news to relate:

Was ever a River so ill used by fate!  
These vile engineers (at least so 'tis said),  
Are about to make passages under my bed—  
But that's if I'll let them—! I'll have no Tunnel  
To let out my water as fast as a funnel!  
When Dood once attempted to bore a hole  
through,

I told him at once that the thing would not do;  
I showed him his scheme was no more than a  
bubble,  
And gave him a good blowing-up for his trouble."

Then Medway—"This scheme is with folly so stamped,  
I am certain, dear Thames, that their hopes will be dashed."  
"O, yes," replied Thames, "before half way they've gone, it  
Will be a good plan to throw cold water on it."  
"They say that they want to come under you—true,  
But I fear that they wish to come over you too."  
"They have crossed me with Bridges, deformed me with Docks,  
And fettered my stream with their Quays and their Locks;  
And now, my dear Medway, the villains, odious,  
Are preparing to bore a large hole in my bottom."  
Then by splashing their waters they shewed their emotions,  
And hastened to tell the sad tale to the Ocean.  
W. D.

## WELSH MUSIC.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

MR. EDITOR,—In looking over the preface to Thompson's Collection of Scotch Airs, interspersed with those of Wales and Ireland, I was surprised to find a remark which, with due deference to the authority for his statement, I must deny. The observation in question is something to this purpose:—"The Welsh are not a singing people, but they will sit for hours listening to a harper, of which there is one in every village,"—and this information he has on the authority of a lady resident in Wales. Now the fact is, that there is not a nation on the face of the globe more addicted to singing than the Welsh, and that, too, in a style as peculiar as it is curious and pleasing. I mean their mode of singing *Pennillion* to the harp; and I will say, that in North Wales most particularly, where there are a number of individuals present and a harper; there will be little silence, and very few persons who will not join in the singing. Whence this lady derived her information, then, I am at a loss to conceive.

Their mode of singing to the harp, which I have mentioned is very curious, it consists in singing *pennillion* or detached stanzas, of various lengths and metres, to any tune which the minstrel may play. By the laws of *pennillion*-singing, the singer cannot chuse his tune; this is left to the harper, who commences and plays probably three or four bars before the singer takes it up, and this is done according as his *pennill* or stanza suits the tune. He may commence at any part of the tune he pleases, but must end with it. It is then taken up by the next, and thus proceeds through as many as choose to join in the pastime,—twice round, and

2 B 2

ending with the person beginning, who sings a third time; another tune is then played, and the neighbour of the person who commenced the last will begin this, which proceeds in the manner described before. Some tunes being more common than others, invite a greater number of vocalists.

Their *pennillion* or stanzas, of course, are in the ancient British language, and of all descriptions,—moral, satirical, loving, and so forth.

The following two stanzas are in imitation of the above kind of composition:—

Let others boast what they pride most,  
The land that gave them birth;  
Give me the man, come whence he may,  
But who delights in mirth:  
Give me the man, whose heart so warm,  
Of Friendship knows the worth.

Two little things that teaseth most  
This throbbing heart of mine,—  
The first is Friendship few can boast,  
The next is Love divine.  
With them who'd not happy be;  
Without 'em who'd not pine.

These, it may be as well to inform the vocalist, may be sung to the beautiful air of *Serch Hudol*, (The Allurements of Love), four of which will be required to go once through the tune.

Besides this mode of singing, they are not deficient in ballads, some of which, like those of our northern neighbours, are not remarkable for shortness.

I have seen Welsh songs of 15 and 16 verses, and but few longer, yet the Scotch possess those which can boast of 30 and 40 verses. *Kinmount Willie* has 46 verses; and one in Gaelic, called *Oran na Comhaichag* (the Song of Lamentation) consists of 70 verses!—each verse 16 lines long, and sung slow to the dismal tune of *Creag Ghuanach*: the latter is to be found in the Perth collection,—the tune in Campbell's *Albyn's Anthology*.

Adverting once more to the subject of Welsh singing, I perceive there was an *Eisteddfod*, or congress of minstrels and bards, held in London, on the 22nd of last May, when, I have no doubt, the ancient mode of *pennillion*-chanting was shown with good effect.

GWILYM SAIS.

Caer Ludd, April 29, 1824.

## THE LAMENT OF BOXOMA:

IN IMITATION OF ORIENTAL POETRY.

Oh, Selim, come! my absent love,  
Why give my heart this cruel pain,  
I wearied pace the scented grove,  
Where myrtles, citrons bloom in vain.  
Reclin'd beneath the Banian tree,  
Oh, could'st thou hear Boxoma's lute,  
In softest tone she'd chant to thee  
Responsive to thy warbling flute.

The humming-bird hath sung her song,  
 Nor longer sip the nectar dew,  
 And spheres wait the breeze along  
 O'er spicy dells for love and you.

Yes, nature will with love unite,  
 Collecting every joy for me,  
 And from each source I'll cull delight,  
 And e'er be blest in blessing thee.

Thy couch is deck'd with nicest care;  
 Roses of Sharon shade the seat,  
 And choicest fruit in vases rare,  
 Bezoms lay at Selim's feet.

I'll steal the serpent's power to charm,  
 His emerald neck and burnish'd crest  
 Shall wave, nor have the will to harm,  
 My lust shall lull his eye to rest.

No hears me not, my soul! my king!  
 And I was once belov'd the best;  
 In vain the bul-bul now may sing  
 I heed her not, I know not rest.

And art thou then for ever gone!  
 My lamp of life, and must I die!  
 'Tis worse than death to wander lone;  
 Why was I dight to meet thine eye?

These pearls of Ormus give by thee,  
 And shawls of Cashmere they were thine;  
 Alas! they yield no charms for me,  
 If yet thy treasure'd heart's not mine.

Each good reflected from thine eye  
 I only felt, all else was naught,  
 From music, and from joy I fly,  
 To think of thee one only thought.

THEOBALTA.

## PHENOMENA OF THE ATMOSPHERE.

(For the Mirror.)

MR. SALT, in his *Voyage to Abyssinia*, and Travels into the interior of that country, executed under the orders of the British Government, in the years 1800 and 1810, has noticed the curious and extraordinary phenomena, which form the subject of an article, or rather history of their cause and formation, in the 28th Number of the *MIRROR*, accompanied with an engraving illustrative of the picturesque appearance of these peculiarly termed "Fairy Castles," the title under which that account is inserted. The following extracts are, however, of much later date, and, being singularly different from those already mentioned, furnish some particulars not commonly duly appreciated in reference to the lower regions of the atmosphere, even by those whom they most intimately concern.

"At day-break we continued our route for Aden. As we approached the Peninsula, we were much struck with the singular appearance which the sun put on as it rose. When it had risen about half way above the horizon, its form somewhat resembled a castellated dome: when three parts above the horizon, its shape appeared like that of a balloon; and at length the lower limb suddenly starting up from the horizon, it assumed the ge-

neral form of a globe flattened at either axis. These singular changes may be attributed to the refraction produced by the different layers of atmosphere through which the sun was viewed in its progress. The same cause made our ship in the bay look as if it had been lifted out of the water, and her bare masts seemed to be crowded with sail; a low rock also appeared to rise up like a vessel, and a projecting point of land to rest on no other foundation than the air; the space between these objects and the horizon having a grey, pellucid tinge, very distant from the darker colour of the sea. This deception of the atmosphere, as far as it affects the relative positions of the heavenly bodies with regard to the eye, is a subject which has been much attended to by astronomers, and tables have been constructed to obviate the errors it occasions, which are, perhaps, as accurate as the difficulties in which the subject is involved, will permit; but as the deception affects the visible horizon, and other objects on the earth's surface, it seems to merit a still more strict investigation, as it produces a great incorrectness, particularly in warm latitudes, with respect to all observations taken by means of the visible horizon, as well as those geometrical admeasurements which depend on a distant object, and are to be ascertained with a theodolite, or other instrument, on shore. On this account, an artificial horizon possesses decided advantages over the visible one in point of accuracy, and is, whenever it can be used, to be greatly preferred."

It was but a short time before, and in a latitude not very distant, that this gentleman had made observations of much the same nature, and proper to be connected with these. He says,

"In the evening we observed the sun before it set put on a very unusual appearance. At the moment of emerging from a dark cloud, when its disc touched the horizon, it seemed to expand beyond its natural dimensions, became of a paleish red hue, and assumed a form greatly resembling a portion of a column. This is one of the many singular effects produced by the refraction of the atmosphere in this part of the world."

Mr. Salt takes occasion, by this "deception of the atmosphere," to illustrate a passage in *Agatharchides*, who mentions extraordinary appearances of the heavenly bodies, which occurred at the mouth of the Red Sea; an account "too hastily discredited by succeeding writers." Similar remarks are also made by Dr. Chandler, on his entrance into the Mediterranean, for he too vindicates the an-

cience; and these instances would almost justify the opinion, that they were much better observers, and had better authority for what they affirmed, than some among the moderns have thought proper to allow. The following passage from Dr. Chandler's Travels into Asia Minor, under the patronage of the Dilettanti Society, are equally curious with the preceding, and afford much interesting information:—

"To complete this wonderful day, the sun before its setting was exceedingly big, and assumed a variety of fantastic shapes. It was surrounded first with a golden glory, of great extent, and flamed upon the surface of the sea in a long column of fire. The lower half of the orb soon after emerged in the horizon, the other portion remaining very large and red, with half of a smaller orb beneath it, and separate, but in the same direction, the circular rim approaching the lines of its diameter. These two by degrees united, and then changed rapidly into different figures, until the resemblance was that of a capacious punch-bowl inverted. The rim of the bottom extending upward, and the body lengthening below, it became a mushroom on a stalk, with a round head. It was next metamorphosed into a flaming cauldron, of which the lid, rising up, swelled nearly into an orb, and vanished. The other portion put on several uncircular forms, and, after many twinkling and faint glimmerings, slowly disappeared, quite red, leaving the clouds, hanging over the dark rocks on the Barbary shore finely tinged of a vivid, bloody hue."

"And here we may recollect, that the ancients had various stories concerning the setting of the sun in the Atlantic ocean; as, for instance, that it was accompanied with a noise, as of the sea hissing, and that night immediately followed. That its magnitude in going down apparently increased was a popular remark, but had been contradicted by an author, who observed thirty evenings at Gades, and never perceived any augmentation. One writer had affirmed, that the orb became a hundred times bigger than its common size.

"This phenomenon will vary, as it depends on the state of the atmosphere. It is likely to be most remarkable when westerly winds have prevailed for some time; these coming over the Atlantic ocean, and bringing with them the green vapours, which arise continually, or are exhaled, from that immense body of water."

F. R.—T.

## ON DANCING.

"CHEERFULNESS," says Addison, "is the best promoter of health." Cheerfulness also rouses man from that selfish slumber which would (were it not checked by the occasional interposition of Psyche) throw such a melancholy cast over him, as to be not only derogatory to that high character which man ought to maintain, but injurious to health.

The dispositions of men are just as various as their faces. There are some persons who consider it almost an offence to allow a smile to play upon their countenances, while there are others, on the contrary, equally extravagant, who indulge in pleasure until it becomes a vice: indeed, it is those characters who so frequently furnish materials for the opponents of pleasure.

It is not a little singular that those individuals who wear the garb of melancholy are so eager to point out the *little vices* that have, and ever will creep into our various pleasures, while the same evils, equally prominent, that exist in the more sombre institutions, are left *unnoticed*. If such seriously disposed individuals would think for one moment of what they must know to be the fact, that to find perfection in any form whatever is seldom or never met with in any congregated body, whether assembled for the purposes of pleasure or business, or to perform a more sacred task, they would not so eagerly attempt to grasp the straw, which, when gained, is blown from them by the wind. For my own part, I have always endeavoured to maintain that pleasure, when properly used, (and the man convinced of his own importance will never use it otherwise,) is essential in a degree, and that the ingredients requisite to form a religious and virtuous life, are not impaired by an occasional engagement with national amusement.

Many persons have taken up the pole of censure against that highly-accomplished and pleasing amusement, Dancing, as being both destructive to morals and health; others have laboured to prove its effect of an opposite tendency; and, indeed, it has been attempted to establish that Dancing is *wise* by the following deduction:—

First—Dancing is exercise.  
Second—Exercise is serviceable to life.  
Ergo—Dancing is serviceable to life.

First—Dancing is serviceable to life.  
Second—Whatever is serviceable to life is wise.  
Ergo—Dancing is wise.

He who is a great admirer of Dancing, says, "that the Gods have bestowed fortitude on some men, and on others a disposition for Dancing."

Of all amusements at present known in this country, Dancing is the most ancient, and of itself both innocent and refined—practised as it has been by the Egyptians, the Grecians, and the Romans. Men, too, celebrated in every respect for their virtues, so far from being averse to the art, have always been ready to cultivate this pleasing accomplishment. Socrates, Homer, Plato, and Professor Porson, were all its advocates; indeed Socrates admired Dancing so highly, that he learnt it when an old man. The man also to whose words we look with reverence and respect, and which are allowed to hold a lofty station in the sacred volume, has distinctly told us—"that there is a time to *mourn*, and a time to *dance*."

In the first place *how* is Dancing injurious to morals or health? The only argument urged in support of this position is, that some few persons who have indulged in this art have been not only immoral, but unhealthy individuals. While I am willing to admit that some few persons have gone beyond the boundary of prudence, I cannot ascribe such to the evils of Dancing. Were I disposed to use such a weapon, I might apply it to the most sacred and valuable institutions. The existence of a Johanna Southcott, or a Judge Jeffries, does not bring religion or law into disrepute, but only shows the *natural disposition* of the individuals. Abuse is certainly evident in this art, and is equally so in other arts and institutions. But to be brief, *every virtue has its evil*, and gold has its dross, and before we disclaim against such a polite art, it would not prove unprofitable were we to minutely examine our own inclinations. I have already admitted, that abuse will force itself into the Dancing Academy, ("the world's a school of wrong"), but in no other degree than this; that dissipated and evil-disposed persons, who occasionally intrude themselves, manifest a disposition which is, in *themselves*, already created.

Since I have become capable of regulating my reasoning faculties, I have studiously endeavoured, as near as the infirmities of man will permit, to adhere to the laws of my God and my king, and, like the venerable vicar, admire a throw at chess, and seldom refuse to water the rugged paths of life, with a refreshing draught from the springs of innocent pleasure. Where is the sordid stoic, or the grave philosopher—the lofty king, or the lowly peasant—the busy citizen, or the retired merchant, who does not, sometimes, feel a *healthy* enjoyment in the amusement of Dancing, or pleasures of an equally harmless character?

Wherever vice exists it is impossible to be hidden, for any period, from the contempt of discerning men by any false means; and when discovered, no longer engrosses their patronage.

"Vice is a monster of such odious mien,  
That to be hated needs but to be seen."

But is Dancing of this nature? or does it not receive nourishment from a very great number of individuals, whose lives are regulated by the rules of religion and morality? A. B. C.

### THE MADAGASCAR BAT.

THIS Bat is called by the French "Ronssette," and is common in the islands of Madagascar, Bourbon, and Mauritius, also in many parts of the East Indies, where it is called by the Europeans, from its great resemblance to a fox, "the Flying Fox," and by the natives, (in Hindoostan) "Chumguddal." This animal resembles the fox in the colour of its hair, shape of the head, ears, and teeth, which are perfectly of a canine or vulpine form. The female has two teats, and under each wing a bag to carry her young in. The male, in several respects, much resembles a dog or a fox. The wings are membranous, like those of the common bat, have several joints in them, and generally measure, when extended, from one extremity to the other, from 4½ feet to 5 feet. The flesh of these animals (who live principally on fruit, guavas, mangoes, plantains, &c. &c.) is said to be delicious; and some of the lower castes of people in India, hunt for them with the same eagerness and avidity that we do for partridges, or other game.

### WOMAN'S TEARS.

(For the Mirror.)

HARD is the heart that never felt for woman in distress,  
And cold the breast that never throbb'd to make her sorrows less:  
For man's career, and man's delight, was lovely woman born,  
And carst be he, where'er he moves, can treat her worth with scorn.

The tear that start from virtue's eye, like heavenly pleaders falls!  
The breath that breathes in virtue's sigh for man's protection calls;  
And he who can those tears withstand, that sigh unmov'd can bear,  
Should ne'er be blest with woman's smiles, to woman ne'er be dear.

Uxor.



## ADVANTAGES OF TEMPERANCE.

(For the Mirror.)

THE physicians of ancient Egypt, ascribed all diseases to the burthen of the stomach; and their prescriptions were limited to emetics, cathartics, and abstinence. The sure way to preserve constitutional health and vigour, is to eat less than we are able to digest with ease. Cheyne said well, that we must keep our stomachs clean, if we wish to keep our heads clear. A boy found in a forest, where his diet had been very simple, and his exercise strong, had a most acute sense of smell, by which he could distinguish all herbs and plants; this delicacy soon wore off, when he lived and fed like other men. A blind man is said to have distinguished colours by the touch, but could do this only when fasting. The ancient philosophers, from Pythagoras, all agreed to relieve the stomach by a careful abstinence, when they wished to call on reason, or the imagination, for the exercise of all their force. Mr. Pitt's dinner was cold mutton, before he went to the House to make his great orations. Mr. Burke was abstemious in eating. Law, the founder of paper credit, and a deep calculating financier, was remarkable for his temperance in eating; he carried his abstinence to a great pitch, when he wished to be clear and acute for the combinations of deep play. In this he is said to have been imitated in more recent cases. Newton confined himself to the slightest diet while he was composing his optics and dissertations on colours. Boerhaave remarked, that the oppression of food on the stomach, almost extinguishes the active powers of the mind. A mathematician will find that he can resolve a problem before dinner, which, after a full repast, he would be too dull and inactive to study, or demonstrate. Habitual over-eating causes dyspepsy, nausea, bile, head-ache, cholera, and surfeit; in some cases, sudden death. La Mitre fell dead at Lord Tyrconnel's, after gorging voraciously off a high-seasoned venison pasty. The quality of food and its preparation, are of as much influence, as its quantity; in this we are using too much grease, pepper, cayenne, essences, rich gravies, and other poisonous and oppressive grossnesses. About fifty years since, a Hanoverian physician, Zimmerman, published a sensible treatise on the habit of our feeding, considered as the principal cause of diseases. Temperance and simplicity in food, are health and vigour alike for the physical and mental frame; when, as Mr. Malthus fears so much, the

numbers of mankind shall press in any country on the means of their subsistence, they will be driven to discover new modes of economy in the preparation and use of food; and will be surprised to find that one half the substances they have been accustomed to waste in their solid and liquid diet, are sufficient to afford more strength of body, and vigour of intellect, than the *plethora* of eating, with which their fathers "offuscated" all their faculties, plagued themselves with bile, and "clothed melancholy"—in the lap of ease, luxury, and security.

T. A. C.

## FEMALE COURSHIP.

TWO or three looks when your avain wants to kiss,  
Two or three noes when he bids you say "yes,"  
Two or three smiles when you utter the "no,"  
Two or three frowns if he offers to go,  
Two or three laughs when astray for small chat,  
Two or three tears, tho' you can't tell for what,  
Two or three letters when your vows are begun,  
Two or three quarrels before you have done,  
Two or three dances to make you jocular,  
Two or three hours in a corner sit close,  
Two or three starts when he bids you elope,  
Two or three glances to intimate hope,  
Two or three pauses before you are won,  
Two or three swoonings to let him press on,  
Two or three sighs when you've wasted your tears,  
Two or three hums when the chaplain appears,  
Two or three squeezes when the hand's given away,  
Two or three coughs when you come to "obey,"  
Two or three lasses may have by these rhymes,  
Two or three little ones,—two or three times.

## The Common Place Book.

No. II.

## POETRY.—WORDSWORTH.

I AM fond of poetry—"it is like the air I breathe, if I have it not"—why, I am obliged to go without it—for in good and sober truth, it is not, even in this poetical age, always a commodity easily to be procured. There is such an unspeakable charm in fairly escaping from this matter-of-fact world, and the common-place bodies continually buzzing about one therein, that if it were practicable, I would evermore live in the "land of faery," except that I should feel disposed sometimes to descend from my eminence to spend an odd evening or so with some kind hearts and congenial souls whom I could name, and will never cease to remember. There are some sensible people in this sublunary scene, who think differently. "There is in every deed" (say they) "nothing poetical—it is all a fantasy—all raving—the idea is mischievous;—death to common sense,—to sober

thinking." Now I do from the very kernel of my soul pity such worthy jog-trot individuals. They may be said only *half to live*. In the name of the common sense which they so continually invoke, is not the world, and "all that is therein," poetical. The glorious sun—the mild, effulgent moon—the everlasting hills—the smiling vale—the magnificent, the beautiful ocean—are not these never-ceasing and legitimate sources for the workings of lofty thought? And what is the thought that soars beyond the ground we trample upon and burns as it flies upwards, but *poetry*? We need not go a star-gazing—the flowers of poesy are always springing up about and around us: the themes to which man's immortal mind should most frequently recur, and upon which, it should most uninterruptedly dwell, are *essentially poetic*. We have many names in this, our day and generation, which stand high among the class of writers called poets. It is not my intention at present to run over them, nor doct down my own very unimportant sentiments as to their respective merits; but there can be no harm in asserting that we have also a tremendous host of *versus-makers*. Because it is a solemn fact, every gentleman who fancies himself in love, and can count his fingers, speedily discovers, for want of something better to do, that he was born a poet—he scribbles accordingly,—makes a palpable hit,—gets, by some mischance, into print, and then it's all over with the public. I can well remember in my academy days, astounding the worthy Dr. L. and our redoubtable Knights of the Round Table, by actually writing a volume of "original poems," (the name I modestly affixed to them) in the space of one week! They were caught up and read, *pro bono publico*, and after the first stanza—

O, sweet Europa, thou no more art, blest  
With peace more lovely than the smiling morn;  
Thy lands which fertile were, are now laid waste,  
And by a mighty tyrant thou art torn!

Convulsions of laughter resounded on all sides—the table was literally in a roar:—but, as the reader proceeded, the shouts were not to be endured, and indeed there was no alternative, I put the best of all possible faces on the affair, and joined in the humour of the joke as well as could be expected, under all the circumstances of the case, and quietly resolved thenceforth to confine myself to humble prose. The example was not, however, totally lost upon some of our confraternity, who, (as became afterwards abundantly apparent,) regarded me as an actual phoenix. One especially came and whispered into

my ear privately, the results of his inspiration, of which the first verse is altogether too rich to descend into oblivion, and can never be erased from my memory—

Oh, ye dark orbs, how bright ye shine,  
And know this world to be  
A world inhabited by men;  
And none can set them free!

Resplendent genius!—I have never been yet able to ascertain, whether the talent was cultivated as it should have been; but certainly, nothing equal to it has since fallen under my observation—no, not that burst of rapturous feeling, which an excellent friend of mine, once upon a time, gave utterance to—

O! 'tis sweet while life doth last,  
A radical to be!

Enough of rhymesters—let us have a little genuine poetry. Wordsworth is the man that can furnish us with it.—Yes, Wordsworth—the man whose works have been grinned at, and written down at no allowance,—who, although he has sent "Peter Bell" and "Benjamin the Waggoner" into the world, is nevertheless always and exclusively a poet; or to use his own words—

Thanks to the human heart by which we live;  
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears;  
To me the meanest flower that blows can give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

Every one must admire the imagination and harmony of the following lines:—

Withered leaves—*one—two—and three—*  
From the lofty elder-tree!  
Through the calm and frosty air  
Of this morning bright and fair,  
Edging round and round they sink  
Softly, slowly; one might think,  
From the motions that are made,  
Every little leaf conveyed  
Slyly or Faery hither tending—  
To this lower world descending,  
Each invisible and mute  
In his wavering parachute.

Nor do the following yield to them:—

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting,  
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,  
Hath had elsewhere its setting,  
And cometh from afar!  
Not in entire forgetfulness,  
And not in utter nakedness,  
But trailing clouds of glory do we come  
From God who is our home;

Heaven lies about us in our infancy;  
Shades of the prison-house begin to close  
Upon the growing boy,  
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,  
He sees it in his joy:  
The youth that daily suffers from the mist  
Must travel, still is nature's priest,  
And by the vision splendid  
Is on his way attended:  
At length the man perceives wide away,  
And fades into the common light of day.

Now this, although it may not be



theologically orthodox, is most exquisite poetry; and then comes the sequel,—

"Hence in a season of calm weather,  
Though inland far we be,  
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea  
Which brought us thither;  
Can in a moment travel thither,—  
And see the children sport upon the shore,  
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore."

I am as poor as any rat, and cannot indulge the hope of ever possessing Wordsworth's poems by actual purchase, or any other lawful means.—Now, I have no doubt that many good people are in the same predicament: if so, I shall receive thanks (which are no more than my deserts, and all I aspire to) for the foregoing excerpts, and the following, which must be the last:—

"If thou be one whose heart the holy forms  
Of young imagination have kept pure,  
Stranger! henceforth be warned; and know,  
That pride  
How'er disguised in its own majesty,  
Is littleness; that he who feels contempt  
For any living thing, hath faculties  
Which he hath never used; that thought with him  
Is in its infancy. The man whose eye  
Is ever on himself, doth look on one,  
The least of nature's works; one who might move  
The wise man to that scorn which wisdom holds  
Unlawful ever. O, be wiser, thou!  
Instructed that true knowledge leads to love,  
True dignity abides with him alone  
Who, in the silent hour of inward thought,  
Can still suspect, and still revere himself,  
In lowliness of heart."

EDGAR.

## CHARACTER OF LORD BYRON.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE following warm-hearted tribute to the memory of Lord Byron, by an individual who ranked next to him as a poet, is a proof how much liberality is allied to true genius:—

Amidst the general calmness of the political atmosphere, we have been stunned, from another quarter, by one of those death-notes which are pealed at intervals, as from an archangel's trumpet, to awaken the soul of a whole people at once. Lord Byron, who has so long and so amply filled the highest place in the public eye, has shared the lot of humanity. His life's end died at Missolonghi, on the 19th of April. That mighty genius, which walked amongst men as something superior to ordinary mortality, and whose powers were beheld with wonder, and something approaching to terror, as if we knew not whether they were of good or of evil, is laid as soundly to rest as the poor peasant whose idles never went beyond his daily task. The voice of just blame and of malignant censure are

at once silenced; and we feel almost as if the great luminary of heaven had suddenly disappeared from the sky, at the moment when every telescope was levelled for the examination of the spots which dimmed its brightness. It is not now the question what were Byron's faults, what his mistakes; but how is the blank which he has left in British literature to be filled up? Not, we fear, in one generation, which, among many highly gifted persons, has produced none who approach Byron in ORIGINALITY, the first attribute of genius. Only thirty-seven years old:—so much already done for immortality—so much time remaining, as it seems to us short-sighted mortals, to maintain and to extend his fame, and to atone for errors in conduct and levities in composition: who will not grieve that such a race has been shortened, though not always keeping the straight path; such a light extinguished, though sometimes flaming to dazzle and to bewilder. One word on this ungrateful subject ere we quit it for ever.

The errors of Lord Byron arose neither from depravity of heart,—for nature had not committed the anomaly of uniting to such extraordinary talents an imperfect, moral sense,—nor from feelings dead to the admiration of virtue. No man had ever a kinder heart for sympathy, or a more open hand for the relief of distress; and no mind was ever more formed for the enthusiastic admiration of noble actions, providing he was convinced that the actors had proceeded on disinterested principles. Lord Byron was totally free from the curse and degradation of literature,—its jealousies we mean, and its envy; but his wonderful genius was of a nature which disdained restraint, even when restraint was most wholesome. When at school, the tasks in which he excelled were those only which he undertook voluntarily; and his situation as a young man of rank, with strong passions, and in the uncontrolled enjoyment of a considerable fortune, added to that impatience of strictures or coercion which was natural to him. As an author, he refused to plead at the bar of criticism; as a man, he would not submit to be morally amenable to the tribunal of public opinion. Remonstrances from a friend, of whose intentions and kindness he was secure, had often great weight with him; but there were few who could venture on a task so difficult. Reproof he endured with impatience, and reproach hardened him in his error,—so that he often resembled the gallant war-steed, who rushes forward on the steel that

wounds him. In the most painful crisis of his private life, he evinced this irritability and impatience of censure in such a degree, as almost to resemble the noble victim of the bull-fight, which is more maddened by the squibs, darts, and petty annoyances of the unworthy crowds beyond the lists, than by the lance of his nobler, and so to speak, his more legitimate antagonist. In a word, much of that in which he erred was in bravado and scorn of his censors, and was done with the motive of Dryden's despot, "to shew his arbitrary power." It is needless to say that his was a false and prejudiced view of such a contest; and if the noble bard gained a sort of triumph, by compelling the world to read poetry, though mixed with baser matter, because it was *his*, he gave in return, an unworthy triumph to the unworthy, besides deep sorrow to those whose applause, in his cooler moments, he most valued.

It was the same with his politics, which on several occasions assumed a tone menacing and contemptuous to the constitution of his country; while, in fact, Lord Byron was in his own heart sufficiently sensible, not only of his privilege as a Briton, but of the distinction attending his high birth and rank and was peculiarly sensitive of those shades which constitute what is termed the manners of a gentleman. Indeed, notwithstanding his having employed epigrams, and all the petty war of wit, when such would have been much better abstained from, he would have been found, had a collision taken place between the aristocratic parties in the state, exerting all his energies in defence of that to which he naturally belonged. His own feeling on these subjects he has explained in the very last canto of *Don Juan*; and they are in entire harmony with the opinions which we have seen expressed in his correspondence, at a moment when matters appeared to approach a serious struggle in his native country:

"He was an Independent—say, much more,  
Than those who were not paid for independence."

As common soldiers, or a common—Shore,  
Have in their several acts or parts ascended  
Over the irregulars in that or gore,

"Who do not give professional attendance,  
Thou on the mob all statesmen are as eager  
To prove their pride, as footmen to a beggar."

We are not, however, Byron's apologists, for now, alas! he needs none. His excellencies will now be universally acknowledged, and his faults (let us hope and believe) not remembered in his epitaph. It will be recollected what a part he has sustained in British literature since the first appearance of "*Childe Harold*,"

a space of nearly sixteen years. There has been no repose under the shade of his laurels, no living upon the resource of past reputation; none of that *coddling* and petty precaution which little authors call "taking care of their fame." Byron let his fame take care of itself. His foot was always in the arena, his shield hung always in the lists; and although his own gigantic renown increased the difficulty of the struggle, since he could produce nothing, however great, which exceeded the public estimates of his genius, yet he advanced to the contest again and again and again, and came always off with distinction, almost always with complete triumph. As various in composition as Shakspeare himself (this will be admitted by all who are acquainted with his "*Don Juan*,") he has embraced every topic of human life, and sounded every string on the divine harp, from its slightest to its most powerful and heart-astounding tones. There is scarce a passion or a situation which has escaped his pen; and he might be drawn, like Garrick, between the weeping and the laughing muse, although his most powerful efforts have certainly been dedicated to Melpomene. His genius seemed as prolific as various. The most prodigal use did not exhaust his powers, nay, seemed rather to increase their vigour. Neither "*Childe Harold*," nor any of the most beautiful of Byron's earlier tales, contain more exquisite morsels of poetry than are to be found scattered through the cantos of "*Don Juan*," amidst verses which the author appears to have thrown off with an effort as spontaneous as that of a tree resigning its leaves to the wind. But that noble tree will never more bear fruit or blossom! It has been cut down in its strength, and the past is all that remains to us of Byron. We can scarce reconcile ourselves to the idea—scarce think that the voice is silent for ever, which, bursting so often on our ear, was often heard with rapturous admiration, sometimes with regret, but always with the deepest interest.

"All that's bright must fade,  
The brightest still the fleetest."

With a strong feeling of a awful sorrow, we take leave of the subject. Death creeps upon our most serious as well as upon our most idle employments; and it is a reflection solemn and gratifying, that he found our Byron in no moment of levity, but contributing his fortune and hazarding his life, in behalf of a people only endeared to him by their past glories, and as fellow-creatures suffering under the yoke of a heathen oppressor. To have fallen in a crusade for freedom and

humanity, as in olden times it would have been an atonement for the blackest crimes, may in the present be allowed to expiate greater follies, than even exaggerated calumny has propagated against Byron.

## The Selector;

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM  
NEW WORKS.

### ANECDOTE OF BURKE.

WALKING home late one evening from the House of Commons, Mr. Burke was accosted by one of those unfortunate women who linger out existence in the streets, with solicitations, which, perceiving they were not likely to have effect, she changed her manner at once, and begged assistance in a very pathetic and seemingly sincere tone. In reply to inquiries made, she stated herself to have been lady's maid in a respectable family, and being seduced by her mistress's son, had at length been driven, through gradations of misery, to her present forlorn state; she confessed herself to be wretched beyond description, and looked forward to death as her only relief. The conclusion of the tale brought Mr. Burke to his door: turning round with much solemnity of manner, he addressed her: "Young woman, you have told a pathetic story, whether true or not is best known to yourself; but tell me, have you a settled and serious wish to quit your present way of life, if you have the opportunity of so doing?"—"Indeed, Sir, I would do any thing to quit it."—"Then come in," was the reply. "Here, Mrs. Webster," said he to the housekeeper, who lived in the family for about 30 years, "here is a new recruit of the kitchen; take care of her for the night, and let her have every thing suitable to her condition, till we can inform Mrs. Burke of the matter." She remained a short time under the eye of the family, was then provided with a place, and turned out afterwards a well-behaved woman.—*Prior's Life of Burke.*

### ESQUIMAUX TRAFFIC.

EVERY singular custom prevails amongst the Esquimaux in concluding the most trifling bargain; for no sooner have they received an article in exchange for their goods, than it is instantly applied to the tongue, and licked several times previous to being put away in security. Whatever might be the article given, even if a sharp razor, the bargain was not concluded

until it had gone through the above ceremony; and I frequently shuddered at seeing the children draw a razor over their tongue as unconcerned as if it had been an ivory paper-knife. We had a convincing proof of the importance attached to the above custom, in one poor woman whom I detected going over the side with an ice-axe upon her shoulder, which, fancying she had stolen it, I ordered to be taken from her. This she loudly and firmly resisted, crying bitterly, and looking anxiously round for the person from whom she had received it, making signs that it had been given in exchange for a very handsome seal-skin jacket which she had been observed to wear, and at the same time licking every part of the axe, to show it had been a bargain. By this we were convinced that some one had been despicable enough to give this poor creature an article which he knew would be taken from her again. When a button or other trifle was given as a present, without demanding an exchange, it did not receive the customary licking. Nothing can equal the eagerness for barter evinced by these savages, or the frenzy they exhibited to possess a nail or any other trifle. To describe the various modulations of their screams of joy or anxiety would be absolutely impossible. We, however, in the general confusion, were of opinion, that the word used for barter was "Chi bo;" for it was repeated in every key to which the human voice can be raised. "Pille tay" was also clamorously and frequently repeated; and we had no doubt that it implied, "give me," all ages and sexes being most indefatigable beggars. They were, however, traders as long as they had any stock. From the men we purchased oil, weapons, and ivory; the women supplied us with skins, ornaments, little pouches, &c.; and from the children were procured small toys and models, their parents directing them in their bargains and beggings also. There was one little child, who, having no merchandise to dispose of, ran about holding up the red legs of a dovekie, in hopes that this colour might attract a customer; but meeting with no success, the poor little trader was returning disconsolate to his mother, when a button which I gave him put the poor child quite into raptures, and underwent more kissing than button ever received before.

Both sexes eagerly sold their clothes, and some went away nearly naked, notwithstanding the severity of the weather. I must, however, say, in justice to the softer sex, that they were more correct in the choice of what parts of their clothing

they would dispose of, than the men; for I do not remember to have seen a single lady part with her breeches, while the gentlemen were by no means so scrupulous, and evinced no shame at appearing nearly naked.

A nail was considered a fair equivalent for a spear with ivory head, and with line and bladder attached to it. Small pieces of iron hoop were equally valuable; and a knife might purchase any article. Saws, however, were the most eagerly inquired for; and, had any been produced at first, nothing else would have been taken. In all exchanges, the natives showed as much joy as if they had acquired the greatest riches, although, in many instances, they were losers by the bargain.—*Captain Lyon's Private Journal.*

### THE AUDIENCE AND THE VISIT.

[The following article is from the *No me Olvides*, or Spanish "Forget me not." For the translation we are indebted to the *Literary Gazette*.]

POSSESSED with a mania for projects and speculations, after having wasted all my patrimony in plans, morals, memorials, experiments, and schemes, I arrived at a certain metropolis (which I do not deem it prudent to name), with a plan of such vast importance and so feasible, that I conceived the government could do no less than furnish me with funds sufficient to carry it into execution, and that the nation would erect statues in honour of me, in every public place. My project was to unite two rivers by means of a navigable canal, which would not only greatly facilitate the communication between different provinces, and render considerable districts more fertile, but likewise extend commerce, promote navigation, and quadruple agricultural produce; in short, the reign of Saturn was to return once more upon the earth, attended with all those blessings which, with their usual veracity, poets have delighted to attribute to it. As I yielded to no former projector in the grandeur of my schemes, so was I behind hand with none in disinterestedness and generosity; for, in return for these public advantages, I demanded nothing—absolutely nothing, for myself. All that I required was, that government should advance me capital for the undertaking, and should give me the exclusive privilege of collecting the tolls and duties arising from the canal; than which nothing can assuredly be more reasonable, since we ought all of us to live by our own labours and I have read in some writer on political economy, that

a man's ideas are as much his own property as an estate or any other possession.

I applied myself most studiously to carry my project into execution: I drew up a memorial, formed estimates and maps, and, thus prepared, presented myself at the minister's, of whom I requested an audience. At first, I had to address myself to a porter, who was not particularly affable or civil; next to an attendant, who seemed to think himself very condescending in even noticing me; and then to a secretary, who spoke only in monosyllables. At length, after repeated visits and applications, I obtained the desired interview, at which I presented myself with all the confidence of one who is already sure of success. I was so fortunate as to be ordered to read my memorial, which I forthwith did, in an emphatic tone of voice, while his excellency continued to play with a little terrier. As soon as I had finished reading, the following dialogue took place:—"Your project is utterly impracticable; nothing can be made of it."—"If your lordship would be so kind as to tell me your reasons for thinking so?"—"My reasons! there is no occasion for reasoning about it. I tell you it will not do."—"Yet I flatter myself—"—"To no purpose. In the first place, an exclusive privilege cannot be granted."—"Yet, in a project of such vast utility—"—"In the next place, these two rivers are dry nearly half the year."—"But I had been informed—"—"Lastly, the canal would touch upon the royal park, and his majesty is passionately fond of game, which would thus be scared away."—"This last reason is an all-sufficient one. I now abandon the plan altogether, and beg your lordship to excuse me."

I returned home, struck with admiration of his excellency's extensive information on all that related to the subject, and of his zeal for the interests of his king; and having deposited my papers in my portfolio, went to the opera. I had hardly entered the house, when I perceived the handsome Marchioness— in her box, to whom I had been introduced some months before at Paris, and whom I knew to possess considerable influence with diplomats, ministers, marshals, and journalists. I immediately went to her, and related my adventure. On hearing my story, the marchioness laughed heartily, telling me, however, at the same time, not to be discouraged, as the minister was a particular friend of hers, and that every thing should be arranged to my wishes. "Obtain for me, then, another audience—"—"By no means," returned the marchioness, "but

you shall make him a visit. Come to me to-morrow evening, at nine o'clock; and leave the rest to me."

Accordingly, the following evening I was punctual to the hour, having dressed myself suitably to the occasion. We got into the marchioness's carriage, and drove to the minister's, where the attendants received us as the intimate friends of his excellency. Scarcely had we entered the saloon, when my protectress took the minister aside, and when the conference was ended, he condescended to call me to him, and the following dialogue took place:—"Well, Sir, and how does your plan go on?"—"Very badly, your excellency. The difficulties which I perceive will attend its execution——"—"Leave all preamble, and tell me at once what these great difficulties are."—"In the first place an exclusive privilege cannot be granted."—"To be sure we do not grant them on every occasion, but when a man of merit and a most useful project are concerned, there will be no difficulty in this respect."—"And then, as the rivers are apt to be dried up——"—"Who can possibly have told you such an idle story. They actually overflow every year, and occasion great damage by doing so."—"Yet his majesty is so passionately fond of game——"—"Aye, on the table, but he has never, in all his life, even handled a fowling-piece. No, sir, these are idle objections. There is no difficulty whatever in the business. See my secretary in the morning, and he will adjust every thing."

In fact, I waited the next day on that personage, whom I found most eager to serve me: the attendant before of whom I before complained was most courteous, and even the porter seemed to have been studying politeness. In short, the project obtained the requisite sanction; and when I went to thank the marchioness for her kind services, not forgetting an elegant cachemire shawl and a diamond necklace, as trifling marks of my gratitude; she laughed heartily, and said, you now know the difference there is between an *audience* of, and a *visit* to, a great man.

### SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

#### GREAT CAVERN IN NORTH AMERICA.

There has been lately discovered, on the northern bank of the Black River, in the grounds of Mr. Bayne, opposite the

village of Watertown, Massachusetts, in the United States, an extraordinary cavern, the entrance to which is about 600 paces from the river. A traveller, who has descended into it, details the following particulars:—

Our first advance is by a path that has been dug five feet below the surface of the adjacent soil; there is then a descent, to a depth of sixteen feet and a half, to arrive at the first chamber, which is twenty feet long by sixteen broad. Opposite the entrance is a large flat stone or table, formed by a rock: it is from twelve to fourteen feet square, and two feet in thickness. Enormous stalactites descend from the vault to this stone. On the left is a vaulted path, 150 feet in length; and on the right another vaulted path, six feet broad, and as many in height, leading to a considerable chamber. Proceeding in this direction, we come to a hall a hundred feet long, by ten broad, varying in its height from eight to five feet. The vault is supported by columns and arcades, and the sides are covered with stalactites as white as snow, folded variously, like rich silver stuffs of elegant drapery. Towards the middle of this hall, facing the entrance, is an arched door-way, through which we pass into another large hall, which, like the former, is embellished with crystallizations.

Returning to the great hall, we enter, through another arcade, into an endless number of partitions, communicating with each other, and filled with stalactites. After this suite of apartments, there is a descent of ten feet; here we find a chamber of about twenty feet square, and twelve in height. In a corner of it is a small elevation, twelve feet in diameter, and three in height; the top is hollowed, and filled with water, which drops from the stalactites. Leaving this chamber, we enter a large gallery, where there is another basin filled with limpid water.

The number and extent of the compartments, the beauty of the stalactites that cover the walls,—the numberless crystallizations of the vault, distilling or dropping water,—the columns of spath resting on pedestals, that seem cut out artificially to support them,—the reverberation of the lights,—the various forms produced by the crystallizations, combined to give a magical effect to this wonderful cavern, and render it one of the most magnificent spectacles any where to be seen.

When first discovered, it attracted crowds of visitors to Watertown; but as many made free with what they found, breaking off and carrying away pieces of its contents, the proprietor blocked up the

passage with a door, secured with a lock and key.

The cavern, at present, is but imperfectly known; only a small part of it has been penetrated, though several say they have traversed more than a hundred acres in it. *Monthly Magazine.*

#### SPURZHEIM vers'd to LAVATER.

LAVATER was once quite "the go,"  
And Noses and Eyes were the plan,  
By which all the wise ones would know  
The talents and thoughts of a man:  
As for Noses, I know not, I vow,  
What they really mean or import,  
But all who read Sterne must allow  
That a long one's prefer'd to a short.

But, oh! 'tis a glance of the Eye—  
'Tis the radiance its flashes impart,  
Gives the light that I love to read by.  
When I study the Head or the Heart:  
And who is so sightless or dull,  
But could learn much more by one look,  
Of what passes within heart or skull,  
Than by studying Spurzheim's whole book?

There are eyes of all colours and hues  
In the greatest gradation, quite down  
From the brightest of blacks and blues,  
To the softest of hazel and brown:

And still as they vary in hue,  
Expression or lustre you'll find  
Each a vista of light to look through,  
And study each thought of the mind.

The black eye, all sparkling and bright,  
Shews a soul full of genius and fire;  
Melting softly in love's tender light,  
But flashing resplendent in ire.  
The brown eye, bewitching and mild,  
Speaks a heart that is gentle and true;  
Then the black eye less fiery and wild,  
More tender, and fond than the blue.

Yet blue's a sweet colour, I own,  
The bright, laughing hue of high Heaven,  
Which to light and to gay hearts alone  
By the young God of Love has been given.  
Thou wicked blue eyes! to be sure,  
What havoc they'd make in the heart;  
Were they not much more given to cure  
Than to lengthen the pang of Love's smart.

But Lavater's no longer "the go,"  
Now Spurzheim and Gall are the fashion—  
By the shape of the Skull you're to know,  
For the future, each talent and passion.

Your grandfather look'd for a wife,  
With a face that was fair and pear-shaped;  
But you, as you value your life,  
Must look to the shape of her skull.

Her forehead, like Jove's, must be large,  
Expansive, full, prominent too,  
As if, proud of the brains in its charge,  
It exultingly swell'd into view.

But ah! a too prominent eye,  
For the organ of language is there—  
An organ which all men deery,  
When developed too much in the fair.

There are some pleasant organs behind,  
Seated just at the top of the neck:—  
But if too large, 'twere hard, you would find,  
To keep such a lady in check:—

For Love, who was once so sublime,  
Has quitted his seat in the soul,  
Where he lived, in the good "olden time,"  
For a snug little spot in the poll.

But no longer on organs to dwell,  
What need I of organs now speak?  
Which it is to be hoped you'll know well  
Before you are married a week.

Only this you will still bear in mind:  
Unless you're confoundedly dull,  
No beauty in shape you're to find,  
Except in the shape of the Skull.  
*New Monthly Magazine.* A. E.

### Select Biography.

No. IX.

#### DROUET.

DROUET, the post-master, at St. Menel-  
hould, who was narrow-minded and igno-  
rant, owed to chance alone the part he  
played in the revolution, for having re-  
cognised Louis XVI. when he was passing  
through St. Menelhoult to go to Mont-  
medy; he got before him by a cross-road,  
and caused him to be stopped at Varennes  
on the 21st of June. On the 18th of  
August, 1791, the assembly, to reward  
his seal, decreed him a grant of 30,000  
livres, which he refused, soliciting rather  
a commission in the gendarmerie, as he had  
been for sometime a dragoon in the regi-  
ment of Condé. In September, 1792,  
he was elected member of the convention,  
where he voted for the death of Louis  
XVI. his sole claim to this election  
being his stopping the King at Varennes;  
his appearance and gestures were coarse  
and displeasing, and the very words he  
uttered bore the marks of restless feroc-  
ity. Nevertheless, the violence of his  
temper not suffering him to refrain from  
speaking on subjects with which he was  
unacquainted, his ignorance and vulgar  
expressions perpetually exposed him to  
sarcasms from the legislative body, which  
irritated him to the highest degree. He  
strove to supply all defects by a constant  
display, throughout the whole of his polit-  
ical career, of great audacity, extrava-  
gance, and revolutionary fanaticism. Being  
a violent Montagnard, he took an active  
share in the 31st of May, attacked Lan-  
juinais in the tribune, and eagerly per-  
secuted the Girondins. On the 20th of  
July, 1793, he proposed to condemn to  
death as spies all the English who should  
be found in France. On the 5th of Sep-  
tember, he supported the scheme of creat-  
ing a revolutionary army, and spoke with  
such violence as to excite the murmurs of  
the assembly. He also declared, that  
moderation and philosophical principles  
were insufficient, and added, "If it is ne-  
cessary to the people's happiness to be  
robbers, let us be robbers." He after-  
wards proposed declaring to the suspected  
persons, that if liberty was in danger they  
should be massacred. On the 9th, he was  
sent to the army of the North, and in  
October, the same year, being shut up in  
Mauvergne when it was blockaded by the  
Prince of Coburg, he endeavoured to



escape with some dragoons to hasten the succours of which the city stood in need. He was taken, however, by the Austrians, and for some time confined at Brussels, where, according to several reports made to the convention, the Austrians kept him chained in an iron cage, purposing to let him die of hunger, which would have been the case had he not been relieved by a miller, named Gerard. He was afterwards removed to Spieberg, a fortress in Moravia; and on the 6th of July, 1794, jumped through a window of his prison, in order to escape, but he broke one of his feet, and was taken back to his chamber, where he had left a very insolent letter for the enemy. In November, 1795, he, Camus, Beaumontville, and some others, were exchanged at Basle, for the daughter of Louis XVI. and he then resumed his place in the convention, then converted into the council of five hundred. The species of moderation which then reigned in France displeased him, and he scrupled not to own, that had he been in his native country during the reign of terror, he would have followed the example of Robespierre and Murat, and regretting the termination of that revolutionary reign, he connected himself with Babeuf, and became one of the heads of the Jacobin society, organized by his associate. He was in consequence arrested in the night, between the 10th and 11th of May, 1796, and shut up in the Abbaye. The council of the ancients decreed that he should be tried before the high national court, at Vendôme; but, in the night of August the 18th, he contrived to escape, and on the 20th published the particulars of his liberation, which had, he said, been effected by means of a tunnel in a chimney. It appears certain, that in the night between the 9th and 10th of September he was present at the attack made on the camp at Grenelle, where the terrorists were again routed, and he owed his safety solely to a milk-woman, whom he bribed to conceal him under the straw of her cart. He that as it may, he retired to Switzerland shortly after his escape from the Abbaye, and he afterward found means to take shipping for the East Indies. His voyage terminated at Teneriffe, which the English, under the command of Admiral Lord Nelson, were attacking at the moment of his landing; the fight became general, and on this occasion Drouet gave proofs of valour. It was here that Lord Nelson lost his arm. On the 26th of May, 1797, the high court of Vendôme acquitted him of any share in Babeuf's conspiracy; he returned to France, and was employed by the directory in his own department.—After the 18th of Brumaire, the Consuls

appointed him sub-refec. at Manehourd, an office which he held till the restoration of Louis XVIII. in 1814. In 1803, the electoral college of Maras chose him a candidate to the legislative body, but his nomination was not approved of by Napoleon. During the hundred days he was not very conspicuously employed; but, having signed the *acte additionelle*, he was exiled as a regicide, on the king's return in 1815. He lately died at Macen, where he resided under a fictitious name. He was uncle of General Drouet, nick-named Count d'Erlon, a very able Buonapartean officer.

## Miscellaneous.

### MINUTE INGENUITY.

(For the Mirror.)

GOLD-BEATERS can extend a single grain of gold into a leaf containing fifty square inches, which leaf may be divided into five hundred visible parts; these leaves are used in gilding; and they are so very thin, that 125,000 of them, laid on one another and pressed together, will not exceed an inch in thickness. It has been calculated, also, that a single grain of that metal, expended in covering gold lace, would spread over a surface of nearly thirty square yards.—See *Monthly Review*, May, 1824.

Mr. Reaumur says, "The flexibility of Glass increases in proportion to the fineness of the threads; and that, probably, had we but the art of drawing threads as fine as a spider's web, we might weave stuffs and cloths thereof for wear. Accordingly he made some experiments this way, and found he could make threads fine enough, as fine in his judgment as any spider's web; but he could not make them long enough to do any thing with them."

The following are "Ductile Metallic Bodies, arranged in the order of their ductility:"—

Gold,

Platina,

Silver,

Copper,

Iron,

Tin,

Lead.

See Glass Exhibition and Beckman's Inventions. P. T. W.

### JASMINE.

A DUKE OF TUSCANY was the first possessor of this pretty shrub in Europe, and he was so jealously fearful lest others should enjoy what he alone wished to possess, that strict injunctions were given

